

love slow

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by [offday](#)

Summary

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George's eyes are lively and large. He stares up at Dream from his slanted position on the bed with his jaw loosened and ready—and Dream swears that absolutely nothing in his life has prepared him for this sort of vision.

“Another,” George mutters.

The sound of his voice and the way his lips look, all pretty and pink and coated in spit, astonishes Dream.

“Anything you want,” Dream awkwardly leans back, gnaws on his lip. “Fuck, yeah. Okay—*oh my god*, yeah.”

Notes

Helloooo, I have been super eager to write this one, so I hope you enjoy!! I have some longer projects I wanna work on soon too, so if you enjoy my writing, then I hope you are excited for that as well. Maybe a chaptered fic, but I'm not sure yet because I prefer one shots. Also, I think I wanna get some very soft, short one shots up soon, too. Thank you for your support!!

Please leave kudos and a comment if you do enjoy! Let me know :)

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

Even with two of his fingers pressing to the flat muscle of George's tongue, Dream thinks they aren't close enough.

George's eyes are lively and large. He stares up at Dream from his slanted position on the bed with his jaw loosened and ready—and Dream swears that absolutely nothing in his life has prepared him for this sort of vision.

Only moments ago had Dream laid in his own bed, one leg over the other, a need to be closer to George crawling up the nerves in his body.

God, Dream had thought. It's only been seven fucking hours.

George needed space. He needed time. He needed a bed to lie in, sleep to dip into, dreams to have, food to eat. But past eight o'clock in the evening, when Dream had shown him his room, had helped him hang up clothes in the closet, had laughed and grinned and joked until their stomachs hurt, all he could think about was lying with him—sneaking into his room to seal all of his promises.

The greediness in Dream was unbearable as he thought back to their phone calls.

"We'll cuddle," George had said to him, speaking soft tones in his ear.

Dream snickered back, sunk deep into his chair to grasp the handles. *"Yeah?"*

"For sure."

For sure, George? We'll touch? You'll hug me? You'll hold me like you don't wanna lose me?

Just moments ago, Dream's nervous hands had gripped his sheets until the lonely, careful sound of his phone brightened his room to life.

And only then had Dream's unprotected heart grown in size, achingly slow, all at the simple words written on the screen.

can't figure out the air conditioning down here.

A hot gasp of a breath caused Dream's chest to rise, and he held it as he typed a reply. If George was going to push forward, then Dream would not be the one to fall back into the hiddenness of the forest. He would not leave himself behind.

you cold?

George had typed almost immediately. His hands must have been quick. And Dream thought maybe it had been his crumbling desperation that had got the best of him as he typed, **could use some company.**

Dream no longer had been a stranger in his home. His feet had carried him, faster than his heart had beaten, faster than the rattling against his ribcage, all until he knocked patiently on George's door, all until he was lying in bed with him, pressed against him like they promised each other they

would.

And somewhere in between that, Dream had brushed his fingers over George's neck, up and up and up until his skin touched the color on his cheeks. George had frozen under his touch, sinking into him, hesitating on the edge like he so hopelessly demanded more.

Dream traced. Touched. From his eyebrow bone to the upper part of his lip.

Until now, where Dream's heart hammers dangerously in his body, like rocks that fall from a cliff and plead to hit the water below, that land just along the shoreline. He breathes slowly, touches George like he is delicate, like he is kindness.

God.

Dream's knees press hard to George's knees, bone against bone, skin against skin.

He uses his hand to rest under George's chin for a moment, to touch the skin that he's grown to learn in only the mere fragment of a few hours. With a simple sweep of his hand, he presses his fingers to George's jaw and helps him close his lips around the digits that lie dead on his tongue.

After all of this time, Dream knows—*truthfully*, he knows how he's gotten himself here, his fingers resting right inside of George's mouth, touching him intimately. The heat practically swallows Dream's fingers as George instinctively hollows his cheeks, and all Dream can do is exhale quiet, almost inaudible, breaths.

Wet and filthy heat pools at the pit of Dream's stomach and claws its way up his throat until his light breaths turn to deeper-sounding, pleased hisses.

Nothing moves. The room doesn't move. It doesn't shift in sounds; the wind doesn't tap anxiously on the window of Dream's bedroom. The bedsheets only move when Dream pushes his leg out, but other than that, there is silence. It's bitter, but it is worth it. Dream can taste it up in his nose, like water sinking in.

The sweetness that drips from Dream's fingers and onto George's tongue is enough to distract both of them from the stale air. It's enough to nurse Dream into a desperation of want and need, and a fine line somewhere high beyond it.

“Good,” Dream dares to say when George's tongue dips between the two of the fingers and explores further, teases a lick against his skin.

George's eyes flutter to a close.

Dream sees how much George is enjoying this, with the way his nails dig aggressively into the mattress. It moves the blankets every time his fist draws nearer to a close. His body slowly melts into the mattress from just the press of fingers in his mouth and Dream is not only going to lose it soon, but George is going to kill him.

Dream's knuckles are warm from George's breath, and Dream can't stop staring at the wrap around and the way George won't look away. He's tilting further up and pressing his tongue to the underside of Dream's fingers and shifting his positioning—maybe Dream was mistaken before. He is going to lose it now. Undeniably.

Especially when George's hand wedges between Dream's knees to pry them apart, to make way for his own legs. He needs himself there, Dream knows it. So he clanks their legs together until George's nostrils flare in pain. Dream apologizes and George shakes his head.

“George,” he starts in a voice above a whisper, taking his free hand to cup George’s cheek.

But George is all bite and hard glares and intensity as he sucks, and Dream is soon forgetting about their legs and digging his knee into the mattress to lean over him in amusement.

“Another,” George mutters.

The sound of his voice and the way his lips look, all pretty and pink and coated in spit astonishes Dream.

“Anything you want,” Dream awkwardly leans back, gnaws on his lip. “Fuck, yeah. Okay—*oh my god*, yeah.”

They haven’t stepped this far before.

It’s all been late night calls and jokes about whether their future would consist of cats, marriage, *Sapnap*, and a couple of beers up against the lake near Dream’s house. Potentially an entire room with their YouTube monuments on the wall—milestones and fanart and gifts. Green and Blue and Orange. It’s been in one ear and out the other for so long now that Dream hadn’t thought that his heart would be this far forward, this stretched from his chest and this tangled around George in his own bed, while their other friend sat soundly just a floor above them.

After Dream dips another finger past George’s lips, he presses into his tongue and opens his own mouth.

“You look good like this.” Dream is unsteady as he speaks. He’s nervous and fearful that George is going to laugh and nudge him off, bite down on his hand, take a plane back home and tell the entire place that Dream got hard at the fact that his friend had his fingers in his mouth. But life is fucked, and Dream is fucked because George is half underneath him and Dream’s chest is close to exploding. “Pretty.”

George rolls his eyes and cocks a grin at Dream.

The look on his face disappears instantly, and his ankle reaches around until it locks with Dream’s.

They’re finally touching and Dream wants to drop fully on top of him and disappear in the dips of his neck and the curves of his waist.

George’s teeth scrape against the tip of Dream’s fingers as he pulls his mouth away. His hands grasp at Dream’s wrist to hold him at a distance, to where they’re looking at each other, and Dream watches every blink like George is going to disappear in front of him, or like he’s going to miss something. Then George kisses the tips of his wet fingers and Dream damn near moans as his stomach curls in on itself.

A pink has settled on George’s cheeks. Light. And like the many times Dream has thought about it before, he has decided that there will be no better time to want to kiss him. On the mouth, on the head, in every blood vessel, in the depths of his heart. Dream wants in, in, in.

“Dream,” George’s voice strains. He clears it and glances at the door. It’s unlocked.

There’s no proper way to respond. He cradles George’s cheek in the palm of his hand and traces over the dust on his cheeks, the spit-soaked coat of his lips. He fixates his eyes on his mouth until George parts his lips open and takes a deep breath. His eyes shut like the power has gone out in his body.

Dream stills. He eases his body to the side of George and tries to avoid the touch that he knows their ankles have—the touch that their knees and their thighs are soon to have.

“Answer me,” George whispers unexpectedly.

“Yes?”

“Come here,” George mutters.

Dream sort of thought they were close while his fingers pressed toward the back of George’s throat, so he assumes that his knee between George’s thigh and their chests pressed together will still feel quite distant.

But all of it is wrong. It’s so wrong. He wants even closer.

George’s hands tangle roughly in the back of Dream’s hair as he pulls their foreheads nearer. Their mouths are soaked and their lips stick as they stray from the deep breaths they need. Dream doesn’t know why his mouth has gone all wet, but he feels George’s nimble fingers touch his chin and suddenly the thought is there.

A knot of foolish desire is permanent in the pit of Dream’s stomach. Desire is a friend of his, but the flare it brings with itself makes him quiver as George touches him. His neck burns.

George dips his thumb right on the inside of Dream’s teeth and drags him forward, and Dream’s bottom lip touches George’s from the pull, until their faces are just inches apart, until it’s breath and lust between them. His chest thumps and his heart beats in unfamiliar patterns.

“You’re killing me,” Dream says low.

George doesn’t listen to him and instead reaches for Dream’s hand to place on his own chin.

“Touch me then,” George tells him. “Let me touch your mouth while you touch mine.”

Dream hears him so loud. His voice is the sound that sinks through the darkest and deepest parts of his brain, sets that fire in the pit of his stomach, pools lust where he wants it. Dream hears him so loud that he mewls softly.

And it makes George lift half of his mouth into a smirk, makes his teeth bite down around Dream’s fingers.

“If I ask you to kiss me, what will you say?” George asks and takes Dream’s fingers further into his mouth.

He brings their faces closer.

The blood under Dream’s cheeks is hot. It beats hard under his ears, prevents him from hearing and thinking correctly. All that’s left in front of him is a wall of thin clarity, and George is knocking at it, begging Dream to let him take and take and take until he has all of him. And by this time, Dream wants to give himself away, wants to tell George that there isn’t a single part of himself that he wouldn’t let him have.

Dream blinks at him, feels the way George runs his thumb along the inside of his gums.

He shakes his legs to regain his clear head.

“I’d tell you to wait,” Dream clears his throat, holds at George’s wrist until he can grip, until he can

lay it across George's own chest and watch his eyes go from needy to messy. He delicately urges his jaw open this time. "I'd ask you if I can touch—"

"Yes," George arches upward.

Dream lies at his side. He uses one hand to help guide George's leg over his hip until their cores are nothing but a press of heat onto one another.

A hiss spills out past George's lips, and spit drips down his chin. Dream's eyes darken at the sight of him. He pulls his hand away fully, closes his eyes when George's mouth fully covers around his fingers and when he scrapes his teeth at the very end of them.

Then Dream cradles him. His cheek, his face, much like he had done earlier, framing it, but this time guiding the reddened, wet fingers across his blushed cheeks.

"George," he says slowly, nervously, like he's unsure of how to proceed. "I said, I'd ask you if I can touch you. Your chest. Can I?"

George flutters his eyes open.

His lips part slowly. All crimson and soaked and pretty. "Yes."

Dream grins and runs his thumb over his lips before guiding his own hand up George's shirt.

Surely his hand must be cold, but George shivers and whines at it. He holds Dream's hand closer to his skin from over the cloth of his t-shirt, whispers inaudible words, and keeps his eyes closed.

He looks restless like this, eager to be touched, body limp and relaxed.

His fingers fall sweet against his chest and his wet thumb is new against the bud of his nipple. George stills at the touch and looks Dream dead in the eyes like he wants to bury away his heart. *This is it, Dream thinks. This is the part where I fall in love with you.*

"Your stomach," Dream whispers against his forehead. "Can I?"

George's lips quirk upward. "Yes."

His nails press in, dip into his flesh until George pushes at Dream's chest and until Dream tugs away.

"What is it?" Dream tries to say, his eyes nervously scanning over George, but George is already apologizing and cutting him off by whispering an, "I just wanted to look at you. Wanna see you."

Dream hadn't even realized that he had been touching George so blindly.

"I'm here."

"You're here," George repeats, shifting his hips until Dream can feel the outline of how desperate he is.

Dream's lips pull into a taut line. "Fuck, George."

He blanks for a moment, presses his hand further onto the spread of George's stomach until he splays his fingers across him. He could touch him like this all day. It's so tender, the way he edges closer to him, rubs his gently callused hands over the smooth skin of George's belly. Dream wants to melt here, all over him.

Dream wants to make a mess of the two of them, until the sheets are coming off from the edges, until both of them become frustrated with the heat in the room and until sweat drips back onto their tongues.

As George rolls his body forward, Dream blinks to life.

“Hips.” His eyebrows knit together as he sucks in a breath. “Your hips, George. Can I?”

“Hurry,” George pleads.

Dream itches an arm to his hips, bumps skin against skin until he touches his hip. It’s not long until his mouth is hovering over George’s, until their eye contact demolishes and until George is frowning over it.

“It’s okay,” Dream shushes him, runs his palm flat over George’s back to guide their bodies closer.

He knocks his teeth against George’s on accident, and both of them hiss out from their touch. It’s so sudden, and they’re so close, and everything is moving so fast.

Dream pulls back to find the sincerity in George’s eyes. He looks beautiful, soft skin and semi-wet lashes from the tears forming from the tightness of his seal.

He cups George’s cheek, listens to the sounds he exhales when he’s so—flushed like this.

George presses to him so Dream can feel the outline of his cock, and it’s obvious this time that Dream can’t help but snicker. Not when George’s fingers struggle to find purchase over Dream’s chest, not when they touch and spread and grip like he needs him.

It’s an experience with George. Never lonely, but always a luxury. Dream clutches onto the highest desires, feels stinging electricity, demands he fights fires with him until they both feel satisfied, and loved.

“Ask me,” George whispers. “Ask me if you can touch more places, please.”

He wants George to be louder. He wants him to give in to the way his body writhes, to the way he’s so eagerly twisting himself towards Dream. If this were hours later into the night, maybe George would be more ruthless. He’d likely be digging nails into Dream’s skin like he wanted to scrape him clean.

But here, at only eight in the evening, George is still beautiful as ever.

“Okay.” Dream’s lips are open against the bump of George’s eyebrow bone. “Okay, George.”

He grips confidentially against the back of George’s thigh and takes a deep breath.

George is putty in his hands already.

“Can I—” Dream whispers, breathes out like he means it. A sour glow of red burns intensely onto his cheeks as his thumb nudges forward. Fuck, Dream thinks. He can hardly even swallow enough to say it.

George pinches his eyes shut. He notices. God dammit, he notices.

He exhales a laugh, all sincere breaths and lips barely missing Dream’s collarbones. “You’re shy.”

“Fuck you,” Dream spits, curls a hand into the back of George’s hair.

A sticky layer of sweat connects them, and Dream wonders if maybe more blankets would prevent this. Maybe if he wraps George up, if he tucks the surrounding comforter around them, his goosebumps will fade and the sweat will disappear.

It's in the depths of his hair, brushing up against Dream's fingertips.

"S'okay," George cups his cheek. *Cold.* "You're so cute."

Dream shudders against his hold, closes his eyes and paints a picture of George behind his lids. Even when he sees darkness, all he wants is George. It's so pure, the way George touches him, like he's been craving this for months, or even years. Like all their late night calls and texts have brought them to this very moment in bed.

"Wanted you for so long," Dream breathes down the apple of George's cheek, seals his lips against it.

He's not sure his words make complete sense after George's, but he wants to express himself. He *wants* him—has wanted him.

George guides Dream's hand to the waistband of his shorts. "I know."

He knows.

But of course he does. He's George, and George could fill every gap in Dream's body without looking. He'd find the crevasses, the curves and roughest parts of him without a single blink of his eye.

As their bodies come closer, Dream inhales sharply.

"You can," George tells him. "You can, you can, you can."

It's an instant rise to Dream's chest—when George repeats himself like he does. His glassy upper lip goes limp as he speaks, voice hardly recognizable as he rushes from a rough to higher pitch. Dream admires it, senses the heat in his body the moment George says the words.

He's tuning into Dream, understanding him, knowing that his tongue won't close around words as easily. George has always been this way—stepping forward when Dream hadn't been able to rise where he needed to.

This is why the two of them could fight fires together.

This is why it's them in this bed.

Dream coaxes his hand over the front of George's pants, presses the heel of his palm until a gasp pours from his mouth.

"Wait," George says. His fingers are stiff, slightly damp, and all of it makes Dream want to scream. His eyes meet Dream's, scan patiently from his eyebrows to his nose to his lips. He smirks, softens his expression and whispers, "can I?"

This time, and with every throbbing bone that speaks on its own, every needy inch of his pleading skin, Dream nods.

"Please."

George kisses him.

He tastes like the sweetest bite into the waffles Dream had made this morning, the ones he had burnt right before he had gone to pick George up from the airport, the ones he had left for Sapnap, the ones that ended up cold and left on the counter. He tastes syrup-like, with the familiar wetness of his mouth, a friend to Dream. God. This is what they've been waiting for.

Dream licks behind his teeth, finds the roof of his mouth entirely too addicting.

“You can fuck me,” George tells him, shatters Dream like was seconds from breaking, anyway.

“I can fuck you,” Dream says it again, his chest much stronger, much heavier, much more confident this time.

They’re closer, propped up and panting into each other’s mouths by now. Dream thinks George kisses like no one he’s ever kissed before.

“You can—you should. If that’s what you want.” George bites his lips, pulls it from his mouth until it snaps back.

Dream thinks of his fingers buried in George’s ass, thinks of the swell of his cock and how much it already burns, and thinks of that buried in George’s ass. Fuck. “Yes. Yeah.”

But there’s a sting at the bottom part of Dream’s back, something itching at him to get out of this unfamiliar bed. It’s George’s, will be his to call home, but there’s something unfamiliar with it. Dream doesn’t know if George is comfortable with it yet.

Dream furrows a brow. “Not here.”

“Hm? Where, then?”

Dream doesn’t want to fuck this up. Not the flow, not the feeling, not anything.

“I don’t—I don’t know. Sapnap’s in his room, my room is kind of close to his. I don’t know.”

George cups his face and encloses his thighs around a single one of Dream’s thigh. If George can feel how hard Dream is, he says nothing, but *holy fuck*, George’s dick against Dream’s thigh is enough to make Dream want to come.

George’s thumb rolls over Dream’s eyelashes. “You’re nervous, baby.”

An apology rolls out the moment his dick twitches.

His words.

Your words, George.

“I am,” Dream admits, settles his hands on George’s hips. “Only slightly.”

George grins at him. “It’s okay. I am too.”

It’s still odd. Seeing him like this. His body, his eyes blinking, his chest rising with every breath he takes. Dream isn’t used to it, but he *knows* this familiar face in front of him.

“We can stay in here,” Dream says as his hand slides up to flatten against George’s belly. “I just didn’t know if you were comfortable here.”

“You’re here.”

“I am.”

“Then I’m fine,” George shrugs. “Everything is new to me, but it’s you I am used to.”

Dream pinches his stomach, upturns his swollen lips into a smile.

“To be fair, you’ve only been around me for about seven or eight hours now.”

“Yeah.” George bends down, grinds his hips as he smirks. “And you’ve managed to make me incredibly horny, you idiot. So, what then?”

Dream dips his fingers back behind George’s pants, familiarizes himself with the skin of his ass. George’s blush is a fresh sight, darker reds paint themselves clear over his face, and Dream just stares.

“So then I will do as you ask,” Dream whispers. “I’ll fuck you, George.”

A deep-rooted burn turns Dream inside out the moment George giggles against him. Dream arches upward, grips both of his hands on the lonely skin of George’s back, reaches up and up, until he seeks a brighter feeling.

His confidence soars, which is what Dream hopes for.

Many months he’s spent swirling from side to side in his chair, throwing away a garden of fiery words, all lacking the depth he desired. George heard him though—he always had. And Dream kept trying, pushed through the gates that lined the inside of his heart, the gates that kept him inside, fearing the commitment, the tangled feelings of rejection.

But George was finally here, and what Dream had failed to realize was that George had always been there.

Dream kisses him harder when the coil inside of him spins, twists until it nears snapping.

“It’s always been you,” Dream croaks against him.

But George *knows* this.

“*Give me your worst, Dream,*” he mumbles. “Prove it.”

Dream goes numb a moment, maybe two or three. George buries his hands in Dream’s hair and flushes a dark red, apologizes for his words. Dream tells him to shut up. They laugh, kiss, bump teeth as George climbs helplessly to his bag to find the lube.

When Dream’s fingers hesitate against George’s hole, he smirks. George is all arched and ready and *pleading*, and Dream has never seen such a look on him. He wants to drink all of it in.

Dream leans toward him, kisses the swell of his neck, the dip in his throat, the corners of his mouth.

“Can I?” He can feel the way George is tightening around him, eager.

George meets his eyes.

“I said give me your worst,” George reiterates, readjusts his position and then clears his throat. “I fingered myself like last night, so you might not need to do much, but—gently?”

Dream sees the excitement in him, but also sees the layers beneath him—the nerves and the drips of lust that nuzzle toward anxiousness. To ease him, Dream raises an eyebrow, juts out his bottom lip and grins.

“I’ll take care of you. I’ll take care of us.”

George sinks into his skin. “I don’t doubt it.”

Then, when Dream gets the approval, he presses in. He watches George’s eyes open and close; he watches George’s belly rise, and he watches the tip of his cock drip pre-cum onto his stomach.

He wants to touch him, bring more pleasure to the heat of his body.

But he prefers to watch.

Especially when George’s hands don’t know where to grip. They’re small on the bed, fast moving, like splayed fingers across the fire. He’s like a sweet promise as Dream scissors his fingers, brushes against his prostate as he whispers and kisses his propped up knee.

“George,” Dream chuckles, bites the skin of his leg when George moves himself even further. “Your leg.”

On his back like this, Dream can’t help but swoon. There is so much of him to see, so much to admire. And with the way he shifts his legs, moves his knee, Dream can easily drive his fingers in, up, deeper, until George is drooling out words he can hardly say.

“I know,” George mutters. “I’m so sensitive.”

“You are. Aren’t you?”

George shivers, jolts a little when Dream’s hand *presses* and stills.

“Certainly.”

Dream leans forward to kiss him.

“Can’t get enough?” He whispers on the shell of George’s mouth, on the breathiness between them.

“No, you should make me come.”

Dream laughs. “That’s part of the goal.”

“Do it now, then.”

He’s so *mouthy*. “You’re so mouthy.”

The way George rolls his eyes makes Dream beam at him.

“I don’t want you to come yet.” Dream runs his free palm over the course of George’s chest, scrapes red lines into delicate skin.

A high whine flows out from his lips, and Dream wants nothing but to press against his tongue again, to touch heat to his fingers, to feel that dampness underneath his pads. He tries to reach, but George grasps his wrist and makes Dream feel his chest.

"Feel this?" George pants. At the same time, Dream's other hand brings his back to a high arch. "Shit—do you feel it? My heart?"

Oh. The radiant, hammering beat of his heart. Yeah, he feels it.

"Holy shit."

If only you could hear mine, George.

George snickers at him. He rustles around until he gets Dream to cock a grin with him. When he does, the laughter in the bed becomes spilled wine, a little sweet but all tasteful, and poured out between them—something to pay attention to.

When George is on the edge of release, Dream stops.

"Oh," George rolls his eyes. "You're a dick!"

All Dream does is press fingers to the angry red tip of his cock to piss him off more.

Dream thinks the next moments between them are so raw. Just in the way George touches him, shifts their positions, guides Dream's clothes from against his skin to the carpeted floors. Dream doesn't feel the slightest bit nervous, but wildly in love.

"How should we do this?" Dream pants into the crevasse of George's neck.

George's legs are off the side of the bed, and he sits like he's about to take off into the other room. Dream watches him, is literally ready to follow him. If this is awkward, Dream thinks, he doesn't think George notices. Or maybe he does, and he's just not saying anything.

Reassurance is a constant treat. Dream loves that. And with every gentle touch to his nape, Dream gains that familiar warmth to his belly and feels alive again.

"Like this," George says as his hands knit around the back of Dream's collar. "With your eyes never leaving mine."

"Okay." Dream pushes him against the bed as he rolls the condom on. He ignores the way George mumbles about leaving it off for the sake of him coming inside. He ignores the whimper caught in his own throat when he thinks about *that*, nearly comes on the spot just at the thought of it. He promises George another time when they've talked more about their safety. "I don't think I could look away, anyway."

His words make George wear a blush.

Ah, the words that make a gorgeous boy flush a crimson red. Eye contact. The promise of eye contact during sex. Dream knows his way in.

"I'll be careful." Dream lines himself up, swallows hard when George's nails indent into his biceps.

He bites the inside of his lips. "I trust you."

George's legs tremble the moment that Dream pushes forward, blinds the two of them with a slow press of desire. Neither of them breathe at first, but Dream sweeps his thumbs over George's hip bones as he moves in and in and in. George's head disappears back into the pillows and Dream soon misses his eyes.

"—ly fuck, Dream."

His voice is quivering.

"What?" Dream has to snort a little before his own breath shatters. "God, you're so tight."

"Your dick is just huge!"

He cackles, presses over George's belly button and pouts at the fact that he can't find his eyes.

"You wanted it," he muses.

George shivers, his wobbly legs cold under Dream's fingers. He rubs them, eases George as much as he can as he hums out a slow groan. *God*, he can hardly even tease him through the rocking of his body. If Dream is edging closer from just the first few moments, it must be the pleasure of having George against him.

George throws his hand over his mouth and cries out when Dream retracts his movements.

He mewls. "Course I wanted it."

A lower, deep growl rumbles through Dream's chest the moment he pushes back in. George grins up at him, his lips falling open the moment he tries for that smile. Dream looks down, drops his chin to his chest to look at his own movements, to where hip meets hip, where core greets core. Where he enters George again and again and again.

Fuck, Dream wants to ruin him. He wants to open him up and turn him over, let his hands disappear into George's hair. Maybe his hands will scrape down George's back until he fills the room with Dream's name.

George has always been vocal with him. His laughter in their calls, his capability to be so forward with just the two of them. He's so *genuine*, careful with Dream, always listening to him, loud in his ear and cautiously taking care of him.

"You're going this slow on purpose." George fluffs his hair up and frowns, and Dream notices then how raw his lips look.

His hand that was buried in George moments ago stays stuck on his hip, and his other guides itself up to his mouth. George is there, with his tongue out and his eyes wide and needy, and Dream can't help the way he quickens his pace. For George.

"So desperate." Dream feels his teeth press against his fingers. "Look at you."

George is loud this time, crying out a whine of bliss.

Dream's stomach pits with fire. He snaps his hips, listens to the skin and skin and skin and skin, until George's cock drools heavily against his stomach.

"Don't you dare move," George shouts when Dream finds the most dangerously perfect spot.

He says it so loud that Dream has to take his wet fingers and press them over his gums, behind his teeth, until George sucks.

Dream is there. On some prime point of a hill, overlooking a pool of hot molten lava, ready to jump.

"George," Dream mutters, hardly gets his voice out. "Holy shit, there's no way he didn't hear that."

Dream slams his hand into the headboard, fucks him harder than he thought he would. His fingers leave George's mouth and relax somewhere near his side, holding himself up. George reaches his hands to Dream's neck and Dream swoons.

“Don’t care right now. I’m gonna come, Dream.”

Dream finds the time to bury his nose into the depths of his neck. He smells of sweat and lust, like the detergent Dream uses and a bit like the cologne George owns. It’s a scent Dream is recognizing as his—as George, something he’ll grow to adore more and more.

The head of his cock is burning red, and Dream glances down for one moment before he presses a wet kiss to George’s neck, grazes his teeth against his skin.

“Go ahead,” he whispers. “Come, baby. Let go. *For me*. I’m right here.”

Dream keeps the same pace, the same drive, and promises kiss after kiss after kiss as George paints his stomach and parts of Dream’s chest with cum. And despite his prior sounds, his ability to be so loud, he comes with barely a breath, just tight hands in Dream’s hair and nails dug deep into his nape.

He takes a moment afterward, pulling on Dream to whisper a gentle, “come inside me,” against the shell of Dream’s ear.

It’s really all he needs, too.

George is sensitive, but Dream comes so hard that George’s legs shake when he spills into the condom, when he stays still inside of him.

He inhales deep afterward, blood rushing to every part of his body as he gently feels George’s hand playing with the ends of his hair as he pulls out carefully.

Their eyes meet, and Dream looks down to find George’s fucked out smile and his tired eyes. He’s grinning like a fool, but his cheeks are flushed and warm and his collarbones are all rosy, too.

Dream kisses him, tastes hopelessness on the tip of his tongue.

“You okay?” Dream asks with a featherlight touch along the uppermost part of his cheek.

The look on his face brings Dream to a newborn sense of reality.

George nuzzles in close, much different from Dream expects him to do. He expected George to grip a pillow, groan into it, then find a breeze to touch his skin. *Space*. Like Dream might need in a second if he doesn’t remind himself to take it easy.

A hand rests along Dream’s belly, making him curl in from sensitivity. Sweat drips forward onto George’s stomach, and Dream can’t help the laugh he gives.

“I’m incredible,” George whispers. He looks between Dream’s eyes as if he’s searching for something. An answer, *the question*, all the in between maybe.

“Yeah?” Dream readjusts the blankets, fixes himself to pull the condom off and tie it.

He wants to be sexy, wants George to find him sexy, but this *part*, god, this part makes Dream want to disappear into the deepest part of the world where no one can find him. And George—well, he watches. With eyes of sincerity and his hand still fiddling with the ends of Dream’s hair, he

encourages, hums, and *watches*.

“Jesus, George. This part is fucking gross. You’re watching me like you can’t look away.”

“I can’t,” he says.

Dream snaps his eyes up after he drops the condom in the trash can right next to the bed.

George opens his mouth and raises an eyebrow to copy Dream’s face. “Besides,” he continues. “You’re not the one who just came on themselves.”

Dream snickers. “Fair point.”

When Dream kisses him again, his breath is shorter. He loses it between the gaps of their teeth, as if he were trying to become completely immersed in the simple taste of him again. And this time he does, because it doesn’t take long with George. Not with the way his lips are soft and sweet on his own, not with the way George touches him like he wants to respond to Dream’s mouth.

“You like rough sex.” Dream leaves a kiss on the shadow of his jaw.

George hums, thinks a moment before he shies away. “I do, sure, yeah. I like very soft sex, too. But tonight I just—I just really wanted you, harder than I was thinking.”

Dream holds his chin with two fingers and pushes his lips together.

“I can fuck you rough, George,” he says as he stares through his eyes, meets heat and fire beyond his gaze.

George rolls his eyes. “You’re all confident now, huh?”

Dream elbows him, sits up in bed until he can sweep his fingers through his hair.

“Yeah. I am.”

“Good. As you should be. You’re good, fuck—yeah, that was so good.”

Dream turns to look down at him. He’s got red along his chest from the trail of Dream’s fingers, and his neck glows purple and blue hickeys.

“You look so good like this,” Dream says without a single thought on his mind. Just *George, George, George*.

George’s fingers skim up Dream’s thigh, and his touch is delicate as he drags them down toward his knee.

A hiss rolls past his mouth, and Dream cups George’s cheek, tugs him forward to kiss him again.

“Like what?” George whispers. “Horny and two seconds from getting hard again?”

This time Dream gives him a glare, bursts into the laughter that’s been locked in his chest. George has never failed to make him laugh, even in the most intimate situations, even like this, all lazed and naked in these sheets, sweaty and touching bodies. And when Dream leans in for another kiss, he does it gently, laps his tongue with George’s and whispers a soft, “*beautiful*,” against his wet mouth.

Dream pulls away, thumbs over the pulse he feels at George’s neck.

“I was gonna say all fucked out,” he admits playfully.

The room is chilly suddenly, like how it must’ve been when George first texted.

Dream moves the tissues that are still on George’s belly, tosses them into the trash.

“The unsexy part,” George mutters with a giggle.

“Don’t care.”

Dream shifts closer, pulls George in until his body is like a tight beam against Dream, until that heartbeat is a pattern that Dream becomes familiar with. He adores the closeness, craves for even closer, but fears that maybe George doesn’t want the feel of sweaty skin together in this cold room.

He overthinks it.

Because George’s fingers knit with his and he places them carefully atop of their stomachs as they rest in silence, both of them just slightly half hard. Dream will laugh about that later, he thinks.

“I hope you become happy here,” he whispers to George, sticks his nose in his hair.

George says nothing at first. He’s an instrument of silence, all background sounds keeping his head busy. Dream wonders it’s ringing, thinking a little too loud.

“I’ve waited so long for this,” George whispers. “To be here in this house, to touch your skin, to stand in the same kitchen as you and Sapnap. I’m going to be so happy. I promise you.”

His words set off a healing inside of Dream. He wants to reply, tell him about how much is to come, how much he has to experience, but George knows it all.

“Speaking of,” Dream huffs, slams his forearm over the entirety of his face. “There’s no way he didn’t hear us.”

“Oh, fuck him! Who cares!”

Dream stares at him open-mouthed. George goes lax as his laughter fades throughout the room.

Their hands tighten together, and George’s leg hooks around Dream’s hip to tease him, to bring their faces closer like he means nothing but guilt-free pleasure. Dream loves the way his face looks like this, all carefree and radiant.

Their hands tighten together, and George’s leg hooks around Dream’s hip to tease him, to bring their faces closer like he means nothing but guilt-free pleasure. Dream loves the way his face looks like this, all carefree and radiant.

This is where he belongs, Dream thinks. Up against George, naked and calm and laughing, falling in love between touching and teasing and an infinite amount of *pleasing*.

End Notes

Thank you for reading!!! Please leave kudos if you have time and enjoyed!! And a comment if you'd like! It's always very much appreciated and I will reply and love

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Much love, offday.

I also (5/20) just made a twitter, so if you'd like to follow and see the things i will be writing, working on, etc etc, feel free to follow me on [there](#)

Please [drop by the archive and comment](#) to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!